

PROLOGVE.

Florish.

NEW Playes, and Maydenheads, are neare a kin,
 Much follow'd both, for both much mony g'yn,
 If they stand sound, and well : And a good Play
 (Whose modest Sceanes blush on his marriage day,
 And shake to loose his honour) is like hir
 That after holy Tye, and first nights stir
 Yet still is Modestie, and still retaines
 More of the maid to sight, than Husbands paines;
 We pray our Play may be so; For I am sure
 It has a noble Breeder, and a pure,
 A learned, and a Poet never went
 More famous yet twixt Po and silver Trent.
 Chaucer (of all admir'd) the Story gives,
 There constant to Eternity it liues;
 If we let fall the Noblenesse of this,
 And the first sound this child heare, be a hisse,
 How will it shake the bones of that good man,
 And make him cry from under ground, O fan
 From me the witles chaffe of such a wrighter (lighter
 That blastes my Bayes, and my fam'd workes makes
 Then Robin Hood? This is the feare we bring;
 For to say Truth, it were an endlesse thing,
 And too ambitious to aspire to him;
 Weake as we are, and almost breath lesse swim
 In this deepe water. Do but you hold out
 Your helping hands, and we shall take about,
 And something doe to save us : You shall heare
 Sceanes though below his Art, may yet appeare
 Worth two houres travell. To his bones sweet sleepe:
 Content to you. If this play doe not keepe,
 A little dull time from us, we perceave
 Our losses fall so thicke, we must needs leave.

Florish.

ASHLEY
 BEAM
 LIBRARY



The Two Kinsmen

Actus Primus

Enter Hymen with a Torch
 Robe before singing, and strewing
 a Nymph, encompast in her Tress
 land. Then Theleus betweene
 wheaten Chaplets on their heade
 lead by Theleus, and another h
 head (her Tresses likewise hangu
 ding up her Traine.

The Song.

Roses their sharpe spine
 Not royall in their sh
 But in their hew.
 Maiden Pinckes, of
 Dazies smel-lesse, yet most qu
 And sweet Time true.

Prim-rose first borne, child of Ve
 Merry Spring times Herbinge
 With her bells dimme.
 Oxlips, in their Cradles growin
 Mary-golds, on death beds blo
 Larkes-hoeles trymme.

2